

Copy

Boston, Jan. 11, 1845.

Dear Mrs. Loring:

To say that the note, enclosing \$20 as a fresh token of your friendly regard and good wishes on the commencement of the new year, is received by us with thankful hearts, is simply to declare that we are not unfeeling; for, surely, the least that can be done by the receivers of benefits, is to acknowledge the kindness of the benefactor. But this gift is prized by us far above its pecuniary value, as it is a substantial assurance of the continuance of your personal esteem and confidence, which we should lament to forfeit under any circumstances, and lose ever to retain. How much we are indebted to you and your estimable husband, through the strange necessities

and fiery trials of many years, we need not declare, and you will not be desirous to remember; but it is all recorded on the "ancient tablets of our hearts, and will be immortal objects in your memories. We will not express the anxiety that you may be amply rewarded for the services you have rendered, and pecuniary means of aid, lest it should imply that you have not derived, from the deeds themselves, as soon as performed, an amount of pleasure constituting a rich recompence; but we are happy to believe that you can experimentally testify to the truth of the declaration, - "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And yet it is a very blessed thing "to receive," when the gift is bestowed by the hand of friendship, and serves to relieve actual necessities, as we can testify.

It is not too late to wish that this note may prove to you and yours, the brightest and happiest year you have yet experienced in

and in this "valley of tears" — Thanks to kind Heaven
for the promise, that the time is coming when
the "all tears shall be wiped away," and this
tal discordant world shall be "filled with the
abundance of peace"? What lies before us
"through what new scenes and changes we
must pass" — whether our remaining days on
earth are to be few or many — is not yet a
matter of revelation; but, that we can be
Happy, in the purest and highest sense of the
term, be the mutations of our life what they
may, is most certain, provided we be always
animated by love and good will to our
fellow-creatures. "To be good is to be Happy,"
is a trite adage, which no one seems to
reject or discredit as an abstract truth,
like the boasted declaration, that "all men
are created equal," but which few practically
regard. "Evil! be thou my good!" is often
the exclamation of many an erring soul
in search of Happiness; but it is not possible

to gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. He must be right to feel right, and then it is all right.

The congratulations of our friends on the recent birth of a daughter to us, add greatly to the pleasure we feel on that score. The little one did not arrive in season to be called a New Year's gift from a benevolent Creator; but we are quite willing to receive her as such, say, and to cherish her as a perennial favor. We think she is a bud of promise, a tolerably pretty babe - and deserving of all the kisses in bistroir on her - of course! You shall judge for yourself whenever you can make it convenient to take a peep at her. We shall demand for her the rights of a human being, though she be a female. We value her at a high rate; but she is worth precisely as much as any other child, and no more. How valuable, then, are they all!

Fishing you to give to Mr. Loring

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our warmest regards, and to accept
for yourself the assurances of our love
and respect, we remain,

Your grateful friends,
Jm. Lloyd Garrison,
Helen E. Garrison.

Mrs. Louisa Loring
Winter Street,
Boston.

